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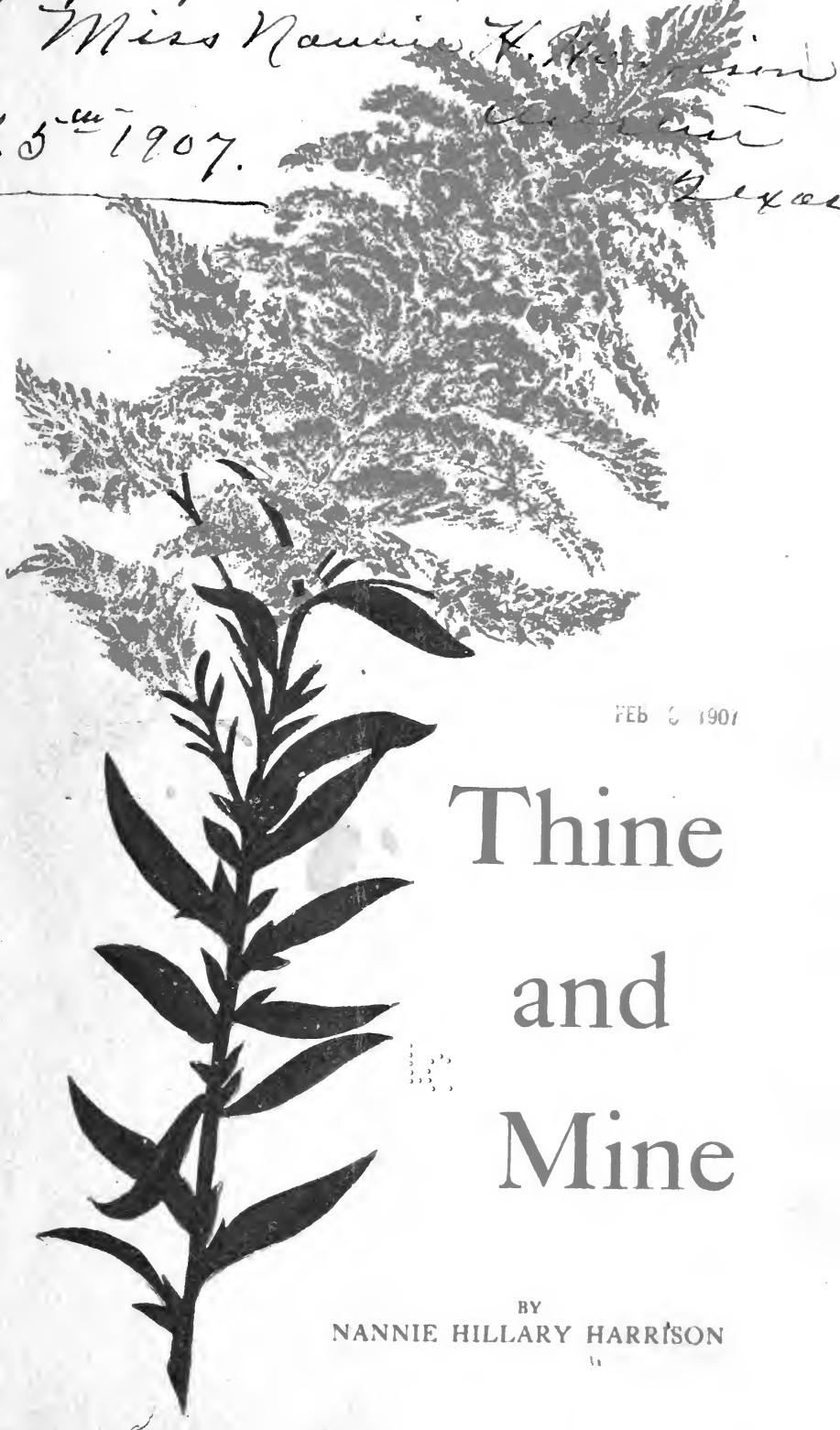
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Thine and Mine

BY
NANNIE HILLARY HARRISON

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Whatsoever things I have written, I have written for my pleasure—not for your learning—as did the apostle. To the heart that finds herein a responsive echo, this little waif is lovingly dedicated.

Go, quondam little brain-child,
I've guarded thee from birth;
I cast thee out a venture now
To find thy real worth.

Inspiration, that Heaven-born impulse that creeps into the heart and weaves each thought into rhythm, that power that uplifts the souls, and blends language into one grand melody, the voice of the Unseen whispering softly, “Create, create, within the deep recesses of the mind, find a message—weave it out and give it to the world.” Langford says:

“The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology nor defense. It is a possession to be thankful for, to rejoice o'er,” etc. With this love in our hearts we are never poor, without friends or the means of making life beautiful and happy. Cultivate the love of books, a love for the beautiful, it enricheth the soul—enlargeth immortality.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Just a little spray of golden rod,
I plucked it far adown the winding lane
Where we were wont to stray at eventide
In other days. Brown autumn days return again,
And the golden rod blooms just the same!

You remember it, don't you?

Just a little bunch of tasseling gold,
Nodding a welcome to autumnal days,
Bright on the heath like morn's illumed rays,
Laden with fragrance and beauty it sways,
And whispers revelations of other days.

You remember them, don't you?

A bunch of golden fragrance fraught with love,
The dearest of Earth's stars that autumn brings!
We first knew love when warmed by the caress,
And love with thee each year doth bloom again.
What matter though it bloom each year in vain!

You remember it, don't you?

Just a little spray of golden rod,
Of all wild flowers the dearest in the dell.
Sweet memories cluster 'round its graceful stem;
I send it thee—fond heart where love doth dwell,—
A strange romance the golden rod could tell.

You remember it, don't you?

MY BIBLE.

In this precious book I find
Sunshine for the darkened mind.
From its blessed pages glean
Truth which renders life serene.
Be this book thro' life my guide
As I stem the restless tide,
Until I have reached the shore
Saved by grace—forever more.

HE LEADETH ME.

God leads me step by step;
I dare not walk alone.
He knows the way to a brighter day,
I'll trust to Him the unknown.

Without His hand to lead
The way would be dark and drear.
Grief's hand presses hard of earth's joys debarred,
He'll go with me—if I trust Him—to the bier.

Oh, could I live for Him,
Nor earthly honor crave,
To live a Christlike life. Help others bear the strife
And some poor hungering spirit help to save.

A HYMN.

Come hearken to the voice of my Savior,
Come listen He calleth for thee:
In tenderest tones e'er he pleadeth
Oh, wanderer, come unto Me.

Chorus—He pleadeth in mercy, He pleadeth for me.
In gentle compassion He's waiting for thee.
Oh, list to the voice of my Savior, now say—
Oh, Wanderer come unto Me.

Reject not the voice of my Savior;
He suffered our souls to redeem.
On the cross He was nailed for our pardon—
Oh, wanderer, come unto Him.

Chorus.

Our burdens the Savior can carry,
He begs us to lean upon Him.
Sweet rest we will find if we trust Him.
The wanderer's soul he'll redeem.

A TRANSFORMATION.

I have passed through the valley of Silence,
Through the deep dark vale of Despair,
O'ershadowed with doubt and darkness,
O'erburdened with sin and care.

When I entered the valley of Silence
In my weakness I walked alone,
Carrying my weight of sorrow
Thro' the gloom of a vast unknown.

But the darkness grew dense and deeper,
And the burden grew harder to bear,
As I struggled alone in my blindness,
A prisoner of grim Despair.

I faltered at length by the wayside,
I was lost in the terrible gloom;
I could no longer bear my burden
Thro the darkness of the tomb.

Then I cried aloud to my Father:
"I no longer can walk alone."
A still small voice responded:
"The Master cares for His own.

"Cast all of your cares upon Jesus,
His promises are true;
He'll give you grace for each trial,
His strength will carry you through."

Then Glory to God in the highest,
I felt His mighty arm
Uplifting me out of the darkness,
And quieting my fierce alarm.

And I saw through the dim, dark vista
A light of a golden dawn,
And, Glory to God in the highest,
The burden of sin was gone!

The earth seemed resplendent in gladness,
All Nature was singing His praise,
And I, now no longer a prisoner,
Can praise Him thro' endless days.

Oh the hearts that are weary with sinning,
He is pleading your burdens to share,
While you struggle alone in the valley
He fain would go with you there.

Just lean on His love believing,
He passed thro' the valley alone,
And laid down His life to redeem us,
That He for our sins might atone.

GOD IS LOVE.

I tossed on my couch impatiently,
As with grim disease I strove;
I raised my lattice wearily
And looked on the skies above
As gentle zephyrs kissed my brow
And whispered "God is Love!"

I heard the rhythm of a babbling brook
On thro' the meadow move;
I listened eagerly its silvery chant
As it murmured, "God is Love!"

I saw the tender buds of Spring
Burst forth in the silent grove,
And as they left their prison-earth
They seemed to repeat, "God is Love!"

I drank from the sweets of the fragrant owers,
And into one melody wove
The ambient air in a sweet refrain
All things bespeak God's Love!

From the shady bough of a tree near by
I espied a peaceful dove,
And its cooing voice in loving praise
Was responding "God is Love!"

A little child in sweet innocence
As though this lesson would prove,
As it ran gaily by sang triumphantly,
"All things tell us God is Love!"

Then I turned on my couch contentedly,
As with grim disease I strove,
And praised Him that e'en thro' suffering
We could feel the strength of His Love!

THE AWAKENING.

The grief of the heart the world can not know—
The grief that is never spoken—
That grinds each day at the restless heart
Until the heart is broken.

A grief too deep for the world to see,
In the secret soul lies hidden:
An humbling grief to our erring soul,
A grief that comes unbidden.

A disappointment of life's best hopes,
The loss of life's ambition:
Lingering regrets that oppress the soul
And awaken deep contrition.

A grief like this seems harsh and stern,
A lasting grief and cruel,
But if nobly borne will raise the soul
To the heights of hope's renewal.

Painful, indeed, must be this grief,
Ere pride in her strength be shaken,
But out of the ruins of earthly hopes
Blest hopes eternal awaken.

SOME TIME WE'LL KNOW.

There are some things we never shall understand
In this pilgrimage of tears;
There are problems if dwelt on only expand
And leave us to doubts and fears.
But let them go—some time we'll know.

There are disappointments when we dreamed of success,
The loss of a friend we loved,
We meet them and pass with lips compressed
While with compassion we are moved.
We must let them go—some time we'll know.

There are those we once found in need of a friend
To an impoverished life brought cheer,
But ingratitude lurks in the human breast
And renders our hearts insincere.
We must let them go—some time we'll know.

There is a hand e'er extended to lead us back
And a voice that would call us away,
And we struggle to gain the summits of peace
That point to a better way.
Why this is so—some time we'll know.

There are those by whom we are ne'er understood,
Who regard us as selfish and cold,
While in the secret heart there is good
Which the pages of life will unfold.
We know it is so—some time they'll know.

There is peace at last for the restless heart
And a joy in doing His will,
And we know He knows and we know in truth,
From darkness He leadeth us still.
In the bright after glow—some time we'll know.

Some time we'll know why we reap as we sow,
When thro' faith we've garnered the grain.
Some time we'll know why all things are so,
And the truth we now search for in vain.
In bright letters that glow—some time we'll know.

FLOWERS.

There's a rhythm divine in the fragrance of flowers
Could we set it to music the gods would entrance,
There's enough of God's love in our ivy-grown bowers
Could this beggared world with its richness enhance.
For a proof let us go where the wild flowers are blooming,
'Neath the wide spreading oaks near the murmuring rill,
Where Nature has scattered her baskets of treasures,
And invites us to gather and spend at our will.

Where the birds of the forest their carols are singing,
And the fragrance of flowers lend grace to the scene,
Where the ambient air with sweet music is ringing,
Consorted harmoniously in one joyous strain.
Come, let us hearken to those tranquil voices,
They bring us a message of love most divine,
Each floweret that nods to the soft zephyr breezes,
Each song-bird repeating, "These blessings are mine."

The violet hides 'neath its heavy-grown foliage,
The blue-eyed for-get-me-not modestly bends
To the wild honeysuckle with its long entubed fragrance
Melodious respondence in sweet unity blend.
There the bright pink primroses in legion are blooming,
The gay buttercups in their dresses of gold,
The sweet scented clover and modest field lily
Each rival the other as their beauty unfold.
The hyacinth blue with the brilliant-hued daisies,
With myriads of flowers in their beauty expand
As a sweet revelation to man in his wisdom,
As emblems perpetual of that fair sunny land.

Can we list to these rapturous voices in Nature
And drink from the chalice of Nature's fair stream,
And be not imbued with a spirit of gladness,
A burning impulse other lives to redeem?
Then come let us gather our flowrets and strew them
Along the by ways where weary ones rest;
God lends them to us, and shall we not use them,
Immutable tributes to His sacred bequest?

TO A DOVE.

Dear little dove! Why sit so still!
The morning sun is shining.
Come! sing again that sweet refrain
And linger not repining.

Oh! can it be, my cherished bird,
No more your notes will cheer me?
That life is gone, thy spirit flown,
Thou dost not start nor fear me?

Full many days that cooing voice
Had welcomed spring-time weather!
To fall at last before the blast,
My step-stone its death heather.

Sure, little one! I had not thought
Those March winds so undoing.
Could I atone for what's been done
I'd set that still voice cooing.

No tribute can I pay thee now
That's half my grief expressing!
The dripping eaves, the rustling leaves,
Were Nature's last caressing.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

The gentle April rain!
How sweet the soft refrain
As we sit, like the cowslips near,
And drink thy fragrance in.
The echoes of the breeze;
The rustling of the leaves;
Bring back sad memories
From the grave of "Might have been."

Thus near to Nature's heart,
Fain would I ne'er depart
When Nature smiles in sun-beams
On this sorrowing, soulless earth
I, too, would joyous be:
No thought of misery
Could find admission in a heart
of joyous mirth.

But when the storms arise
Dark clouds bedim the skies;
The storm within my nature,
Too, would battle with the gale—
Within mad warfare reigns;
Hot blood course through my veins
As the tumult rises and recedes
within the vale.

Again, when Nature weeps
I, too, her vigil keep
As quickly I succumb—
A pleased victim to her wiles—
In sympathetic trend
My tears of sorrow lend,
As graciously as I had often
lent my smiles.

If we false to Nature prove
We grieve the God of love—
He is the soul of Nature,
Dispenser of all good—
Close then to Nature's heart
Oh! let me ne'er depart
But linger ever 'neath the shade
of Nature's hallowed wood.

SPRING'S RETURN.

I have strolled to-day in the woodland fair,
'Neath shady groves, on hillocks rare;
I've wandered far, enraptured more
With Nature's charms than ever before!
The song-birds in the trees near-by
Have sung all day their lullaby,
Until my soul no longer slept,
But seemed to rise to realms unwelt,
To realms where travelers seldom come,
By many mortals never known.
Each floweret, each blade of grass,
Bespeaks God's love and graciousness;
But as I wander here alone
In shady groves by flowers o'ergrown,
Perchance it is the violet sweet
That nestles fondly at my feet;
Or else, mayhap, the red bird's song
As it flits from bower to bower along
And soars away so high and free,
That turns my thoughts so oft to Thee.
Or is it but fair Spring's return?
With its memories so sweet, that seem to burn
Their way to the heart,—entwined there,
Can't be usurped,—Oh! who would dare
To rob a soul of its sweetest peace!
Take back the heart that spurns release!
And the future years will, perchance, reveal
The love I've labored long to conceal.

MY BIRDS.

To be free as a bird! What joyous sport
To hide all day in the leafy boughs
And whistle and sing dull hours away,
And seek at night sweet rest midst the flowers.

Oh! ye forest songsters! In bright array
You charm us all day with your silvery voice.
We love these cheerful carols you sing,
Each trembling note bids some heart rejoice.

Ah, turtle dove! Sweet image of peace!
As we list to that cooing, soft refrain
We feel the pathos of thy release
With the olive branch to return again.

And anon we hear from the fields nearby
The loud, shrill notes of the quondam quail
As he whistles "Bob White!" to his neighbor in black,
Who answers "Caw! Caw!"—a wearying wail.

See the little brown wren, with its silvery voice,
Comes flitting o'er the old window sill!
Seeking a cozy nook for a nest
Where it rests, secure from the long night's chill.

Ah, ye jubilant, saucy old mocking bird,
Seeking a ride on the vulture's wing!
You've mimicked each piping voice in the woods
And yet, every minute a new song you sing.

The bright blue-jay and the red pecker-wood!
Your plumage surpasses in beauty your song;
But you'll rank in the throng with the bright red-bird
And the paradise bird with its plumage so long.

The petite humming bird, with its long, dainty bill,
Culling the sweets from the drooping flowers.
Tho' least of the kind we love thee not less,
As ye hum all the day o'er the deep, fragrant bowers.

The eventide slowly evolves into night.
What a joyous medley your evening farewell!
When across from the dark, shady grove floats a song—
'Tis the sweet, plaintive note of the sad whip-poor-will.

On June the 13th, 1903, an unprecedented cold wave swept this section of the country; one of those freaks of which Nature is sometimes guilty. During this storm this poem was published in the Austin Daily Statesman with the following comment: Miss Harrison is no slouch of a poet. The expression, "When June was summer and summer was June," makes her production almost an epic in giving historical connection between now and the past. Miss Harrison as a poet is a product of the present. Had there been no revolution in nature Miss Harrison might never have been a poet.

—Austin Statesman.

JUNE TIME! THEN AND NOW.

Maud Muller once on a bright June day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
But that was a time when summer was June,
And June was summer with every moon.

But times have changed since then, and to-day
Maud finds it difficult raking the hay.
The torn hat that once defied the sun
Has been discarded for a warmer one.

And closely about her supple form
Clings a waterproof wrap, defying the storm.
The mocking bird's song is no longer heard,
But the pitiful plaint from the shivering herd.

As she glances away to the far-off town,
Maud wishes she had a warmer gown.
The judge comes galloping down the lane,
Seeking shelter from the cold June rain.

As he warms by the fire a little draught
From the bright punch bowl is eagerly quaffed;
Then they talked of the weather, and would like to know
If the bank in the north will bring a snow.

And they sigh as they think of the "good old time,"
When June was summer in every clime.
And as the judge silently rode away
His horse neighed sadly the absence of hay.

God pity the judge, and Maud, and all,
Who vainly "the good old times" recall.
But man ne'er can change old Nature's laws.
More's the pity for man! But it can not was.

June 13, 1903.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Good old summer time is waning!
We kiss hands to sultry breeze
As we list the cooling north wind
Sighing gently thro' the trees.
And the smoke of Indian Summer
Pales the landscape with its haze.
Good old summer time is waning
And we welcome autumn days.

Good old summer time is waning!
Sweet the fragrance of the bower
With the faint scent of clematis
And the pensive passion flower,
And the purple thistles nodding
From the fields along the lane,
And the last lone cricket chirping
Tells us summer's on the wane.

Hear! the cotton mills now humming,
And the darkies in the field
Happy melodies are crooning
As they snatch the fleecy yield.
As the North wind sways the branches,
Midst the rustling of the leaves,
Good old summer time is waning
Is the ode the vesper weaves.

See the swallows gaily flitting,
And the acorns falling 'round
Where the purple grapes, ungathered
For the wine-press, strew the ground.
As the frightened quail now whistles
To the song-bird in the trees
Good old summer time is waning
And we welcome autumn breeze.

OCTOBER EVENING.

Leaves, Nature's tears, are falling
In the red and yellow sere.
The autumn winds are sighing
O'er the dying of the year.

The warm October sunset
With its golden, crimson rays,
Resplendent in the Heavens
At the close of autumn days.

Lights up the regal landscape
Along the sleepy hills,
Adown the purple valleys
O'er the rock-rebounding-rills.

A gentle breeze from the North-land
As the migrating bird floats by,
Seeking a home for the winter
'Neath a sunny Southern sky.

The chirp of the lonely cricket,
From the mossy, shadowed trees,
Where flits the noiseless fire-flies
On the wings of autumn breeze.

The radiant, amber twilight.
E'er the moon creeps o'er the hill,
Illuming the Eastern horizon
Where the sunlight lingers still.

A breath of October flowers,
The sweetest of the year,
Chrysanthemums, roses and violets,
Weave their fragrance in the air.

Ah! golden October evening,
As ye die away in the West,
Shedding a halo around us,
Of all days we love thee best.

When the autumn of life surrounds us,
And the last evening shadows wear on,
May the glory of life's final sunset
Wake for us an eternal dawn!

October, 1902.

ADRIFT.

I stand from out this world a thing apart;
Grim messenger upon the silent sea of time.
I look upon this world, vain, crowded mart!
 Chaotic is the realm we term sublime.
I stand a broken barque upon the strand;
 Poor harbinger of Hope's ill-fated crew.
I find no rescue in Earth's mighty hand,
 For there's no magic can the past undo.
 I do not moan as does the restless sea.
Unfettered and unmoved I stand—alone!
 "As ships pass in the night," so I pass on,
A broken craft upon the silent shore of time.
 What matter tho' the storm is raging high,
No more these moorings worn shall be unfast
 'Till sails unfurl for ports beyond the sky.

REST.

Like a mariner tossed on the restless tide,
 With sails unfurled and bearings gone,
This restless heart in its fragile barque
 Was drifting hither and thither alone,
When thy hand, like a noble craftsman's, grasped
 This perishing barque in its warm embrace,
Steering it safely over the tide
 To the Isle of Rest, thy trysting place;
And here it will drift in sweet content
 If only thou will the pilot be.
The storms may surge high, no fear will I know
 While thy hand is guiding me over Life's sea.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead I pray that no unfeeling throng
 Will come and stand beside my humble bier,
To gaze in commiseration at my emaciated form.
 And breathe long pent up eulogies most insincere.

Let only friends, if such there can be found,
Companions I have loved and proven true,
Draw near, and the last few rites perform
That spirits me away to lands anew.

Fear not to touch this prison house of clay,
That long enshrined my happy spirit here,
But bear it quickly to its last long home;
Consign it there with blessings most sincere.

MOODS.

Just yesterday I wrestled with the blues all day,
And sighed and moaned by gloomy scenes oppressed.
Black visaged spirits stood athwart my way,
Multitudinous foes to future rest.

I saw my star of hope set 'neath leaden skies,
And felt there was no rising for this frenzied brain.
All days would be as this, no hope to cheer,
But just a clouded life of sombre pain.

But ere the morn Blue Devils all had flown.
Another mood, and more to be desired, had me possessed;
A feverish wrath that shook my very frame
Had usurped the Blues, and all desire for rest.

And as I sighed for that on which to vent my spleen
I cried, Oh! how I'd joy to be a Hercules!
For to appease my wrath and cool my blood
I'd make the other fellow fan the breeze.

Ah, mystic Melancholia! merciless mood!
Such misery—that I felt on yesterday—
Adieu! there is such zest in the honest wrath I feel
I would not, if I could, be glad and gay.

IT.

I always had an idea that I was IT itself,
Until one day, rather recently, I got laid upon the shelf.
It came about in this wise, I was talking to a friend,
Of whom, thought I, I've legions who would my cause defend,
Of how I'd run the Universe—I thought I'd make a hit—
And he, like all my compeers, regarded me as IT.
But when I paused to hear his praise, and take a breathing spell,
Amazed! Why what he said to me sounded like a funeral knell.
Said he, Josiah Billings has thus a bore defined:
“A man that talks so much of himself that I can't speak my mind.”
And I've figured on the problem, and with all my splendid wit,
This old stickler most convinced me that I'm not the only IT.

ENTRE NOUS (BETWEEN US.)

Ah, my friend, I do so thank you!
So much more than I can tell,
The assurance of your friendship
Helps me bear life's fiercest ill.
Just one friend who understands me,
Knows my faults and weaknesses,
Reads my book of human foibles,
Loves me none the less for these.
One who can forgive my errors—
Understands my wildest mood,
Thinks me not a hopeless heathen,
Tho' so oft misunderstood.
For this friend my soul's been yearning,
And I count myself most blest
And feel amply compensated
For the failures of the rest.
Just one friend who won't condemn me
In my ever changeful mood.
Who sees through this mask unreal
A kind heart—misunderstood!

THE STORM.

The world looks so dreary and lone this eve,—
I've looked, and looked in vain,
To see a dear familiar form
Come riding down the lane.
The day has been drear, and sad, and cold,—
The night settles down in a gloom.
The storm in its bosom has spent its great force,—
The silence is sad as a tomb.

I mused, as the storm beat so fiercely about,
Then settled into a dead calm,
Will not his great wrath, like the storm wear out,
Then return for love's healing balm?
Oh, why do the friends we love most grieve us most,
And why do we love but to grieve;
And why are the pleasures we prize soonest lost—
Why lose what we nearly achieve?

Oh, blame women not if they rail at their fate,
Grim circumstance makes us his sport.
We reach out for bread, we get but a stone,
Tho' his favors we ever must court.
And I sighed as I cast a look down the glen
And no vision arose from the vale.
The storm leaves a desolate waste in its path,
Heart and forest alike feel the gale.

Then I turned and withdrew from the shadows without,
As the darkness excluded the light,
And murmured his fury's still raging no doubt,
I'll not see his lordship to-night.

A ROMANCE OF THE FLOWER SHOW.

She watched a dear familiar form
Move slowly down the street.
Within hear heart she felt, alas!
A sob of sorrow creep.

They parted without tears or sighs,
That passers might not see,
Nor hear within the stifled cries
Of bitter agony.

They parted without sigh of love,—
Her hand he gently clasped
And breathed a hurried fond adieu,
“Good-bye,” she meekly gasped.

The gaslight falling on his face
Betrayed the pain suppressed;
And hurrying blindly through the throng
She passed on her sad quest.

She saw him pause for a parting glance,
As she hurriedly entered the coach,
She knew that the tears were falling fast
And felt the pang of reproach.

She waved her hand as a parting salute,
Her soul in solitude wept
As she felt, in response, the loneliness,
That into his life had crept.

They had been to the flower show that night,
And basked the hours away,
’Midst love and laughter, dance and song,
Were numbered with the gay.

Under the spell of the music sweet,
And the fragrance of the flowers,
They were living again the happy past
As swiftly sped the hours.

But after the band had ceased to play,
And the flowers were lost to view,
Reality again they faced
Life’s turmoils to renew.

’Twas but a current on the sea of Time
Had driven their barques so near,
But again they must drift on the restless tide
Where duty’s voice is clear.

And she mused, "Alas!" He must go his way,—
And I—well, I will go mine."
But an hour so, out of self, now and then
Intoxicates greater than wine.

RETRIBUTION.

Come not now to talk to me of joys so long departed;
Bring not now thy tears to spend with the broken-hearted.
Since I ne'er can share thy joys, nor share thy sorrow
I lend no more to other griefs, nor do I care to borrow.
Talk not of thy perished hopes, wist not of thy glories,
I have heard from other lips all such beggared stories.
I can feel no more regrets o'er another's grieving
Since I've drained this cup of woe,—found the dregs deceiving.
Ask me not thy life to bless,—blessings come in giving,
Vacant is this heart of mine, silent I'm living.
Tell me not that heart has changed thro' the years of waiting;
Changed, alas, this soul of mine while the years were fleeting.
For the love I bore thee then, since has been requited,
Every tie that bound us twain—now stands disunited.
Look to Heaven for thy peace—may the angels grant it.
Sing to them thy sad release—heart-broken while they chant it.
There's an impulse in the heart—seeks for retribution.
I'll suppress now, and beg—only this solution:
May your heart not change again—Why then all this wooing?
What is past we can't recall—it is past undoing.
All I felt for you I gave in the years departed.
Then come not again to woo—with the broken-hearted.

A FRAGMENT.

They say that I'm not strong, and yet I feel almost a Hercules
as I lie pinioned here.
Ambition's strength runs high as fearlessly I lie and see her sylph-
like phantoms drawing near.
They say the mind must rest, the body to enrich and health supply,
if happiness be sought.
Then let this still remain, a physique racked with pain, then
health, and strength, and mind that's tortured not.

YOU AND I—A RESPONSE.

Yes, Dear, our casual meeting was a blissful revelation
Of a friendship lying dormant
 In each breast;
An impelled continuation
Of a strangely formed relation—
 God's bequest.

As our hands touched hand in greeting:
Heart to heart with rapture beating
 You and I
Felt a kindred exultation,
A supreme assimilation,
 Which doth imply

That God willed that we should meet, Dear;
Find in each an inspiration,
 Sweet, divine.
And he lent us to each other,
We his work of love to further
 Truth enshrine.

And this blest promethean impulse
That has bound our hearts together,
 Infinite love,
Will extend through coming ages;
Be the guiding star of sages;
 Man's mission prove.

And though seldom reunited
Face to face along life's pathway,
 Some time we'll meet
In a silent soul reunion
Where we'll learn in sweet communion.
 Love's law complete.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew what we think we know
 'Twould be smooth sailing aqui,*
But a random guess lands us far of the mark
 As we reckon the "Is to be."

*Aqui—here. (Spanish).

Now I dreamed that in one I had found a true friend,
A soul that responded to mine,
A heart with good impulses ruling a life
And rendering existence divine.

But, alas! as I basked in the wealth of that smile
Enjoying the friendship I prized,
In a moment I saw my ideal transformed,
Burned to ashes before my eyes.

Then I mused, if we knew what we think we know,
How few disappointments we'd see,
If friendship were all it professes to be
'Twould be smooth sailing aqui.

BOOKS.

Here are thoughts of inspiration
Lent to us by master minds;
Here are works of man's creation,
Many works of many minds;
Here are blossoms plucked in childhood,
Gathered fondly one by one,
Plucked from Nature's regal wildwood,
Placed on Knowledge's royal throne.
Here we worshiped in the spring-time
Of a life that blossomed fair;
In the morning of life's spring-time
Wrought our castles in the air.
And in summer's balmy noontide
Seek we here our sweet content—
Drinking from the fount of knowledge
Draughts of inspiration lent.
Here again autumnal evening,
In her gorgeous robe enshrined,
Finds us still unlearned, acquiring
Blessings from our master minds.
And at last when gloomy winter,
Robed in darkness, settles down
Into night, cold, gray and bitter,
Seek we still our knowledge crown.

ON THE DEATH OF WM. MCKINLEY, OUR PRESIDENT.

Awake, Oh, Nation! in your pride,
"Renown and Grace is dead,"
A Nation's funeral anthems ring
O'er his illustrious head.

Oh, horror! heart can not conceive
A fiend so steeped in crime,
In murder, treason, anarchy—
In this most peaceful time.

From North to South, from East to West,
To-day our Nation mourns
A President, a Country's pride;
With grief our hearts are torn.

To-day all Nations seem to grieve,
And e'en the Heavens weep,
Darkness the face of earth entombs
As we our vigils keep.

His 'scutcheon we can proudly hold
Before a searching world—
The record of a peerless man,
A hero's life unfurled.

Malignant scrutiny has failed
His record to impeach,
He stood a Godly man, and pure,
Above calumny's reach.

We looked into the noble face,
Observed that gentle mien,
We felt he'd won our Southern hearts
No breach could intervene.

Accept these tokens of our love,
And strew them o'er his bier,
United in our sympathy,
Commingling tear with tear.

We mourn to-day our Nation's loss,
An honored man, and just,
As Christian, patriot, husband, friend,
He justified his trust.

United in this grief to-day
We stand bereft, forlorn,
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

MOTHER.

The dearest face on earth to me is mother's;
I watch those deep imprints of care
I see so plainly graven there;
Each furrowed line sweet graces wear,
In this sweet face of mother's.

The gentlest voice on earth to soothe is mother's;
I listen to its cadence sweet,
With fondest love she doth entreat,
Blest invocations oft repeat,
The gentle voice of mother's.

The dearest, most caressing hands are mother's,
Altho' with patient toil worn
Thin fragile hands of fairness shorn
For me so many burthens borne,
Those loving hands of mother's.

The kindest heart on earth I've known is mother's,
A wealth of sympathetic love,
Example of infinite love
That points us to that home above,
The trusting heart of mother.

TO DEA.

God's will is good, He knows what is best;
He hath taken thee, darling, to His Kingdom of Rest.
And left our hearts robed in mourning.
With memories of thee my heart is oppressed,
My life seems a burden; I'm weary of rest;
My soul is shrouded in mourning.

How often my love, in the days that are past,—
Those hallowed days, why could they not last,
 My life been free from this mourning?
I watched that dear face, I deemed it so fair,
 Not a shadow of sorrow or mourning;
But thou wast too loved, and too lovely to linger
Where age would creep on, and Time's icy finger
 Would shadow thy fair life with mourning.
So death came and found thee, no care on thy brow;
In thy tresses no silver. Thrice blessed thou,
 While our souls are shrouded in mourning.

A RAINY DAY.

All within so dark and dismal,
 All without so damp and cold.
If it were a day of sunshine
 I could not my thoughts unfold;

For my life would then seem darker,
 Sunshine make the shadows deep.
I am glad that in my sorrow
 Ev'n the heavens seem to weep.

As I waked to welcome morning
 I rejoiced to hear the rain;
All the world seemed robed in sack-cloth,
 All the earth a watery plain.

Thus in silence sat I musing—
 Is this grief in kindness given?
Will this sorrow that I cherish
 Raise my spirits nearer Heaven?

Then if God in all His wisdom
 Wills that I this pain endure,
I shall calmly bear my burden;
 Suffering makes the spirit pure.

“Some days must be dark and dreary,”
 But the sun will shine again,
Thus I'll bide the time in patience
 As I listen to the rain.

TO MABEL.

Sweet maiden with an angel face,
Each feature lined with childish grace,
And yet so womanly thou art,
Such gracious gentleness impart,
That all who in thy pathway tread
Forget their grief, find peace instead.
Learn patience from thy quiet mien
Where faith implicit seems to reign.
A soul so tranquil, heart so kind,
Presents a visage most divine.
As fragile lily in its bower,
In drooping fragrance lends its power,
Enriching Nature's gifts so rare,
So are thou, Mabel, yet less fair,
Perchance, than soulless floweret;
But modest as the Mignonette.

THE POSTMAN.

For whom do we wait with bated breath,
Keep anxious watch as the moments fly,
Whose familiar form we know at a glance
And whose presence oftentimes brings but a sigh?
The Postman.

Who goes his rounds with a cheery smile,
Dispensing briefly pain or pleasure,
Whose gay salutation brings warmth to the cheek
As we reach to receive our proffered treasure?
The Postman.

Who gets many "jogs" when doing his best
As he daily plods thro' the wintry weather,
Oft treated by those he patiently serves
As tho' he was mostly made of leather?
The Postman.

To whom do we owe our gracious thanks
In return for the favors he cheerfully brings,
Who whistles our fates as he passes our gates
As the ambient air with his presence rings?
The Postman.

BLUE BONNETS.

Blue Bonnets! Blue Bonnets!
Uplift thy tiny heads.
We come to pay our homage
To thy royal flowereting beds.

Knowest thou not, Blue Bonnets,
The Solons of our land
Have chosen thee our emblem?
Come! let thy charms expand.

Be first to welcome spring-time
In her gorgeous robes enshrined,
For thou are the most honored
Of all the flowering kind.

Far o'er the verdant prairies,
Where the sky so softly bends,
There nods the fair Blue Bonnet
And sweetest fragrance lends.

Blue Bonnets! Blue Bonnets!
As emblems of our State
With fondest admiration
We commend thee to thy fate.

DECEPTION.

Love was never to be given
To a heart so hard as thine.
Then think not, oh! false deceiver!
That you've tasted love divine.

Rather would I have you feel it,
As I've felt this pang of grief,
It would teach you not to trifle
With a heart of true belief.

But with that cold, proud indifference,
And that treacherous, cruel heart,
You will practice vile deception,
Until you consume the art.

TO CELETA.

I can never forget how she looked that eve
When she went to the fancy ball;
A dream of lace and jewels bright
As she passed me in the hall.

I followed, entranced with her beauty's power,
And for one smile did entreat her;
She gave me her hand with innocent grace
As I whispered "peerless Celeta."

She could read in my eyes the love that I felt.
I did not try to conceal it.
And tho' I believed she, too, loved me
We cared not by words to reveal it.

She moved like a queen in her gorgeous gown,
Tho' in stature we term her "chiquita."
There's none quite so charming or gentle as she;
Our beautiful, bonny Celeta.

Oh! look, if you may, into those hazel eyes
And then forget the impression.
Ah methinks, if once you gaze on her charms
You'll likewise make this confession.

Once bask in the warmth of her sunny smile
With unalloyed bliss you will greet her,
For there are no faces, nor forms can compare,
With those of our matchless Celeta.

A QUERY.

I've a question I would ask
My most sagacious hearer,
Why, if a woman says "Get back!"
The closer we draw near her?

If she our hearts would really crush
We do not flee nor fear her;
The more she tries to warn us back
The closer we get near her.

We then may sue with ardor bold
And can not still undo her,
For tho' she still repulse our love
The closer we get to her.

But should she change and come our way,
When oft we may abjure her,
Alas! for her, too soon she finds
That we no longer woo her.

TO MISS TINSLEY.

I don't know why I kissed her
When we parted at the door.
She drew me as a magnet,
And her grace I now implore.

She grasped my hand so fondly
And warmed me with her smile.
I knew 'twas wrong to do it,
But some fancy did beguile;

Inspired me to the action,
And before I'd time to think,
I'd stolen from those nectar lips
A draught the Gods might drink.

Her sylphlike, graceful motion
As she turned that well poised head,
Her eyes so pure and gentle,
Well, her graciousness I plead.

It might have been the music,
Or the punch, or just the girl,
But I lost my head and kissed her
In the gay and dazzling whirl.

But now I crave forgiveness
And beg her think no more
Of my rudeness at our parting,
When I kissed her at the door.

TO MAE.

Ah! could I write but half I feel
These pages fair would all be traced
With thoughts my eyes alone reveal,
With lines by Time alone erased.

I'd write for thee a sonnet sweet,
A song to charm away all pain.
In language rare I would repeat
The greatness of that heart and brain.

Alas! my pen is far too weak,
And lacks the power to impart
The sentiment I fain would speak—
The fond expressions of my heart.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHES.

I slept, the eve was warm and fair,
A tranquil slumber soon my weary soul embraced;
I dreamed!—Oh! visions strangely rare!
“A choir invisible” full soon my chamber graced;
My soul from its surcease of sorrow now set free
A happiness supreme my being filled;
I wondered why on earth I ne'er had known
Contentment sweet which now my restless spirit stilled.
At every turn, as I wandered thro' this vale of peace,
I saw unselfish love personified.
Fair goddesses of beauty rare my thoughts divined
And seemed in pleasing me each other vied.
The air with sweetest music bore me on;
I laughed in childish glee at such a scene;
Myriad echoes from the hills I heard resound;
I sat entranced on Love's fair throne a queen.
I mused, ah, surely this is but a poet's dream;
A visionary world of laughter, love and song.
And thinking thus, I questioned whence it came,
Thus unperceived, unsought; and was it wrong
That I should, all at once, thus happy be?
All griefs forgotten; every cloud dispelled;

Remembering, truly, 'twas but yesterday
I grieved for perished hopes; ambitions quelled;
Then pushing further thro' the rosy light, I saw
The object of so many misspent hours
Transformed into a vision of delight;
Surrounded by earth's fairest, sweetest flowers;
Reaching out he grasped my trembling hand
And whispered softly, as he drew me gently on,
There lies the paradise in spirit land;
Replete with joys in earth's pilgrimage unknown.
I gazed in strange delight as yet he spake:
"Just follow on beyond this silvery stream,
For when we've safely reached the other side,
We'll find the zenith of our long sought earthly dream."
We sped along with wings of heavenly light,
Naught to divert, nor heed us on our way
Until we reached the river brink. I heard
A gentle voice commanding us to stay.
I strove this intervention to dispel
When softly came a voice from Heaven's heights
"Stay, fair one, stay! This is the Bridge of Sighs
That stands between thee and yon city bright."
"The Bridge of Sighs," I moaned, "What meaneth this?
I left all sighs on yon unhappy sphere."
Again a voice in mournful tones replied,
"That true may be, but can you enter here?
This bridge, sweet product of a woman's love;
A woman's heart creates this bridge of sighs;
As unsurmountable it stood in days agone
Still stands between thee and this paradise."
I looked for solace, all was dark and drear,
The spell was broken; I awoke at last
And moaned aloud to find this vision sweet
O true phantasy of a real past.

LOVE'S LESSON.

A night of bliss divine;
We wandered in the grove,
My hand was clasped in thine,
All nature whispered love.

The brooklet humming past,
In its mad rush to the sea,
Like rhythm of music sweet,
Bespeak our joys to be.

Each star that decked the sky,
The moonlight's silvery beam
All spake to us of love
And life's most joyous dream.

In the lake that lay beyond,
So peacefully and calm,
We mirrored future paths,
We dreamed of future storms.

And thus we sat entranced,
Dreaming the hours away,
Two swans came floating past
In Nature's grand array.

Oh, tell us birds of peace,
As ye glide adown Life's stream,
United by love's laws,
Dost thou no sorrow glean?

Ah, surely if God gave
These joys to birds and flowers,
And every living thing,
Such blessings must be ours.

But as we sat and dreamed,
Of peace, and hope and love,
A little cloud arose,
And nestled o'er the grove;

The restless brooklet sighed;
The stars no longer smiled;
The silent lake grew dark;
Our fancies now beguiled.

The swans now glided past,
Nor bade adieu at leaving,
The rain in torrents fell,
And we were left a-grieving.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

Dear little Lynne! thy face so fair
Hath wrought within my heart a change.
I looked upon thy beauty rare;
I felt thy presence sweet and strange;
Those eyes are brighter than the stars
That light at night the azure blue;
Those lips would pale the ruby's glow;
Thy teeth are pearls of brightest hue.
That little face, so bonny bright,
Enshrined with curls of golden hair,
Hath powers to make the heart grow light
When heavy and oppressed with care.
I gaze into those deep, dark eyes;
I see within a soul divine.
Thou wast not fashioned for this earth,—
A creature so sublime.
Could I but take thee to my arms,
And shield thee from each rugged blast,
I'd steer thee safely o'er Life's sea
Till rest was found and toils were past;
I'd share with thee each pleasant thought;
For thee I'd seek the rarest gem
Until we'd reach the pearly gate
Together, there we'd enter in.

WHEN MOTHER'S GONE.

Who'll come and soothe dull care away
With fond caresses, smiles and tears?
Who'll strive to make life's burdens less,
And quiet all our foolish fears,
When Mother's gone?

Who'll listen with abated breath
To every little word we say,
Kind admonitions to impart
When we have followed error's way,
When Mother's gone?

Who'll give us smiles for every tear,
 Speak gently when the heart is torn,
Interpret every weary sigh
 As tho' each sorrow she had known,
 When Mother's gone?

Whose hand can sooth the burning brow
 And coax the fevered brain to rest?
Who'll suffer long, nor murmur not,
 Care for us best
 When Mother's gone?

Can others be as kind as she,
 Forgiving, gentle, mild and pure?
Can others care so much for me
 And help each trial to endure,
 When Mother's gone?

And when to wander I am prone,
 Sweet Mother, none can fill thy place.
When thou art gone we'll stand alone,
 Pensioners on God's own grace,
 When Mother's gone.

No face to us can be so fair,
 No form so dear, no voice so mild.
None so unselfish as thou art,—
 So gracious to an erring child.

When Mother's gone! It can not be
 That Time can e'er so ruthless prove
To rob us of this influence sweet,
 A wealth of purest, fondest love,
 When Mother's gone.

WHITE ROSES.

'Tis only a bunch of roses,
 White roses, fragrant and pure,
And a pink carnation faded,
 She gave them—my friend—none truer.

She gave them with tender caresses,
Nor dreaming the memories they brought
Of days—other days—when he gave them,
White roses, with sweet incense fraught.

White roses, your influence still haunts me.
Like a page from the vanished past
You unfold your sweet fragrance 'round me,
Then perish, too fragile to last.

Fond memories entwined with white roses,
Fit emblems of innocence sweet,
Like a soul e'er by sin's web entangled,
E'er it yields to the wiles of deceit.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, the pain of disappointment
In the friend we thought most true,
Surely there's no grief so poignant,
None so painful to review.
Yet we welcome Disappointment,
Tho' thy hand is cold and hard,
If it teach us calm endurance
It is but a kind reward.
For if treachery lies hidden
In the heart we deemed so kind,
Better now to feel its treason
While no closer fetters bind.
Better now accept this sorrow,
Make it of our lives a part,
Nourish it until we're stronger
Altho' it may break the heart.
Suffer on without complaining—
Evermore misunderstood,
And, it may be, undervalued,
By the friend that long hath wooed.
Ah, tho' painful, strongly bear it—
'Tis an oft repeated tale—
Tho' our pride may suffer keenly
Wounds too deep to ever heal.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

I sat and watched our soldier boys, our laddies brave and true,
And thought to weave a little ode to the gallant boys in blue,
But ere my muse had settled on the boys, the camp, the town,
I had to change my rhyming to the gallant lads in brown.

And thus I sat a-musing on the changing of the times—
A-sitting and a-musing, and changing of my rhymes.

The band was softly playin' and the boys a marching 'round,
The flags unfurled to welcome our soldier boys in brown.

And I was jest reflectin' on a jolly soldier's life,
As he sits around the barracks a-waitin' for the strife,
That's to make of him a hero, but this having naught to fight,
'Cept a crew of "geese and wind-mills, when he's seein' things at
night;"

Seems to me it must get tiresome to these boys so brave and
strong;

Thus I mused as they kept marching midst the cheering of the
throng,

But a voice soon interrupted, and an old man said to me,
"What think you inspires these soldiers, this brave band of 1903?"
Then he went to retrospecting, to the "sixties" we returned,
And with sobbing voice he told me when Southern patriotism
burned,

How they gladly bore the conflict, fired by foes they deemed unjust,
Fighting not for lands or glory, but for principle they must;
How they proudly wore their homespun; woven by fair hands they
loved,

Mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, each their worth and valor
proved.

As he talked the tears kept falling, "Strange comparison," said he,
"Twixt the soldiers of the 'sixties' and our boys of 1903."

"With these boys 'there's nothin' doin'," seems to me they'd all
wear out,

Just a-makin' up sham battles, and a playin' roustabout."

"Yes," said I, "There's been great changes, and much difference you
see

In the soldier boys of 'sixties' and the boys of 1903;
But perhaps the time is coming when this band who march to-day
Will defend a cause as worthy as the boys who wore the gray.
Right and Truth remain unsullied, and the soldier boy to-day
Would defend our country's honor as did ye of sixty-three."

THE DEATH OF AMBITION.

I sat by my humble fireside alone
Watching the old year out,
The lights burned low in the silent room,
As the hours dragged slowly by.

I sat and gazed in the smouldering fire,
And, in fancy, dear faces perceived
Of friends long departed, dear faces I loved,
Of friends in whom I believed.

As I sat, thus entranced by this spiritual light,
Perhaps I fell in a dream,
Or else, in a vision my senses were stilled
By a calm, superhuman, supreme.

I saw in the distance a veil uplift,
And in the silence beyond
“Ambition” arrayed in her burial robes,
My loved hope, and idol, was gone!

One lone attendant, in sombre attire,
Sat weeping near her feet,
’Twas inconsolable, sad “Regret”
Who arose my presence to greet.

I drew at once near the sacred bier,
Once more to gaze on my Lcve.
My life was ended, my idol dead!
No future this loss could remove.

Then turning away, suppressing a sob,
I clasped “Regret” to my heart,
And murmured, as I held her in close embrace,
Thou art of my life *now* a part.

As was this last idol I now bid adieu,
With whom all these years I have striven!
Have followed full long, and wept for in vain!
From hence, in her stead, thou art given.

With this dying year "Ambition" dies, too!
"Regret" consolation must be.
Oh! teach me repose and calm, I entreat!
For this dearly bought peace now I plea!

I like not that mournful, majestical mein!
Nor, yet, thy visage morose!
But we'll struggle together as onward we ply,
I wot not how cheerless our woes.

"Ambition" e'er led me thro' paths of delight
With many a promise of peace,
And tho' disappointment with her oft I found,
With thee I shall stagnate with ease.

And loosing her thus, I sat once again
By my fireside alone and chill,
But ever again I will feel the cold touch
Of "Regret" embracing me still.

AMBITION.

I dreamed that "Ambition" was dead
And lay on her couch stark and cold,
I harbored "Regret" in her stead,
Bemoaning my losses untold.

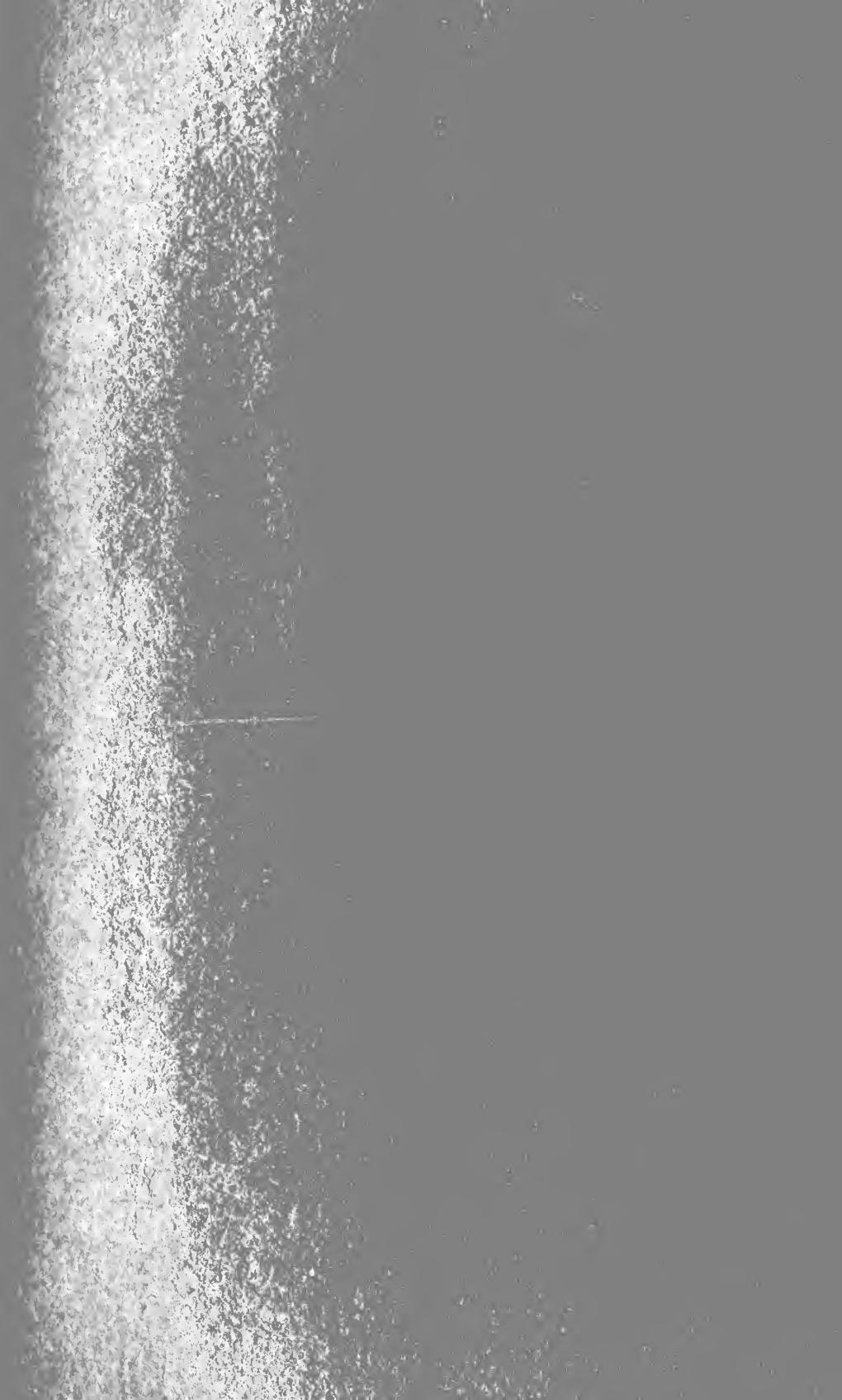
But when the bright morning awoke,
New morn of the gladsome New Year,
I saw Ambition arise
From the couch I had reckoned her bier.

And smiling triumphantly then,
Ambition to my bosom I prest,
Requiring all future to be
Defying this world of unrest.

Oh! child most endeared to my heart,
Obsequious tears have I spent
Believing from me thou didst part,
Thus canceling future content.

But with thy survival I live,
And greater endeavor survey,
For thee with churl death I will strive,
And better equipage I'll pay.

Bemoaning thy place thus bereft,
This vacance Regret soon possessed,
But again let me weary with toil
Than repose, where Ambition's suppressed.



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